

WELLCOME COLL.

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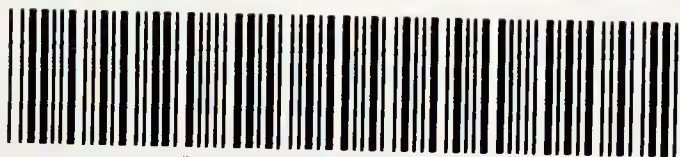
Souvenir

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16572. Curio Cup. 3d. (187)



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WELLCOME  
COLLECTION

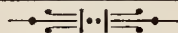
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SOUVENIR ITINERARY  
OF THE VISIT OF THE  
BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION  
TO THE  
LAND OF SCOTT,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1896,

**By J. R. OLIVER,**

AUTHORESS OF THE "SCOTTS OF BUCCLEUCH," ETC.



**L**EAVING "**Merry Carlisle**," and crossing the **Esk**, the train is at once in a land rich in historical associations and teeming with memories of old-world romance. On the right, are seen the towers of **Netherby**, the seat of the **Grahams**, half concealed by beautiful woods and overlooking broad stretches of fine pasture lands. Thither came young **Lochinvar**, as the song says, to carry off his bride. Passing through the peaceful vales of **Canonbie**, it is difficult to realise that this was the notorious "debatable land," of old the happy hunting ground of thieves and outlaws. Both England and Scotland laid claim to this tract of country, and its possession was a subject of perennial dispute

between the two kingdoms. It was finally divided by mutual agreement in 1552, but up to that date the inhabitants lived in open defiance of all law and authority, and

“Stole the beeves that made their broth,  
From England and from Scotland both.”

Passing **Scot's Dyke**, and entering **Liddesdale** we find the country very little changed since Sir Walter Scott described it in the beginning of the century. “Though its green hills have no pretensions to magnificence of height, or rugged grandeur of outline, the view is wild, solitary, and pleasingly rural.” This now peaceful pastoral region was once the home of the fierce border clans of the Armstrongs and Elliots, who formed a powerful confederacy of freebooters, making rapine and violence their daily occupation.

We pass **New Castleton**, a village built by Henry, the third Duke of Buccleuch, near the site of a very ancient castle and village, of which no trace now remains. To the right, near the river, is **Larriston**, once the fortified dwelling of the chief of the Elliots, but the tower has been razed to the ground, and a comfortable modern house occupies the site. It is now used as a farm-house, but some interest attaches to it from the fact that “Bonnie Prince Charlie” occupied it for a night on his disastrous march southwards. Next we plunge into **Whitrope Tunnel**, and on emerging find ourselves on a bleak moor with scarcely a tree or a dwelling-place to be seen. Across this passes the **Catrail** or Picts' Ditch, an ancient earth-work, consisting of a trench with parallel mounds, running for many miles across the country. Leaving the Liddesdale hills behind us, we pass close to the mansion house of **Stobs**, the seat of Sir William Elliot. At the bottom of the narrow valley of the **Slitrig**, we come to **Hawick**. This is a very old town, from which modern enterprise has now extruded every vestige of antiquity, save an earthen mound occupying a prominent position to the left as we enter the town. It is generally believed to be a sepulchral tumulus. It is alluded to in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

“ — Dimlie viewed the Moat-hill's mound  
Where Druid shades still flitted round.”

Braxholme, the scene of the *Lay*, stands on the Teviot three miles above Hawick.



SIR JOHN RUSSELL REYNOLDS, BART., M.D., F.R.S.,

*Late President of the Royal College of Physicians, of London.  
President of the British Medical Association, 1895.*



HENRY BARNES, M.D., M.R.C.S., F.R.S.E.

*President of the British Medical Association, 1896.*



At every point of this journey one is in close touch with the days of legend and romance. After passing Hawick we catch a glimpse of the **Cavers Woods**, and are reminded that the Cavers estate is still held by the descendants of the Black Douglas. In the mansion-house is still preserved the banner of the hero of Otterburne and the gauntlet, with the lion of the Percies embroidered on it in seed pearls, won from the gallant Hotspur. To the east of Cavers rises the isolated conical hill of **Ruberslaw**—

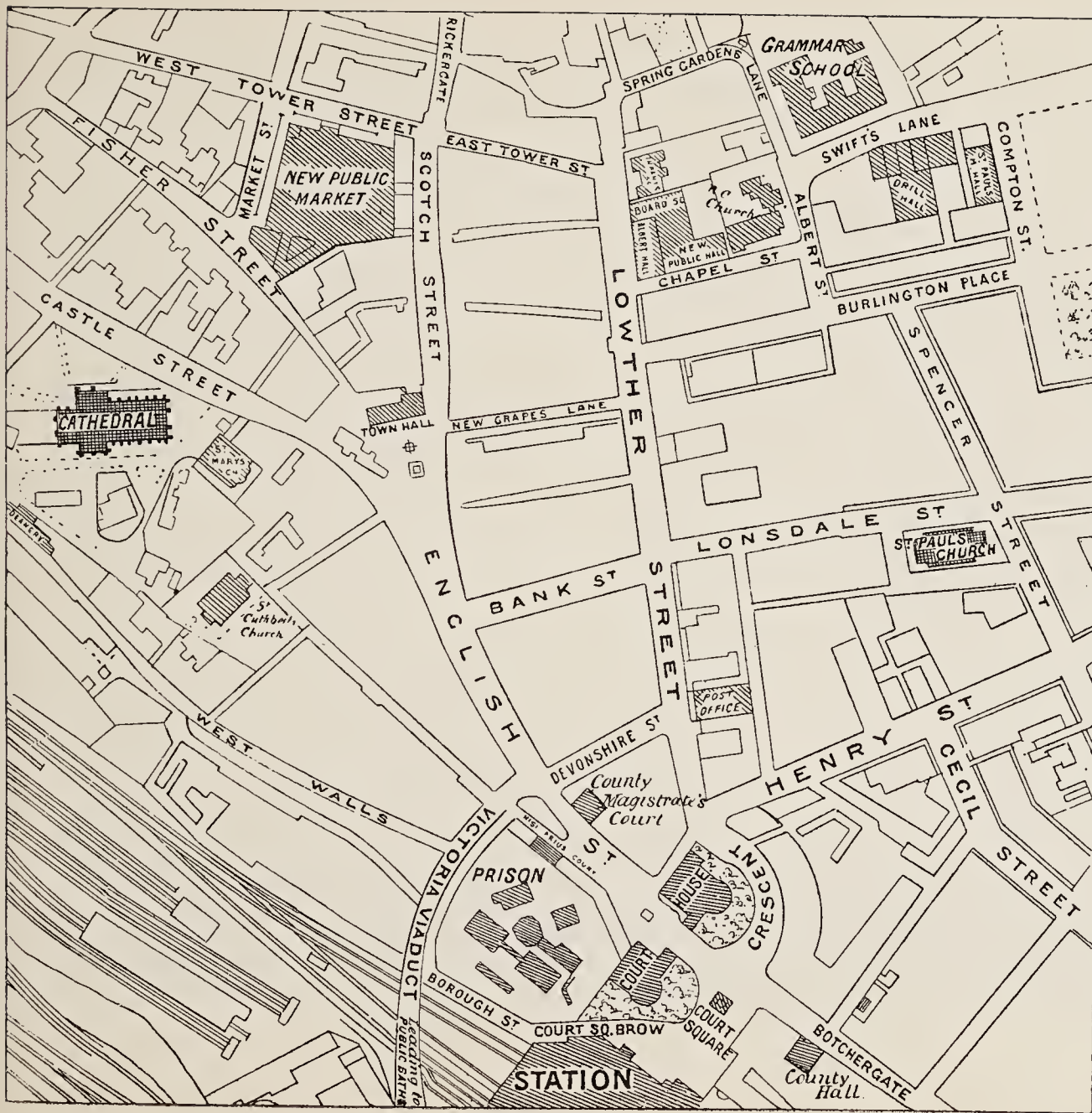
“Dark Ruberslaw that lifts its head sublime,  
Rugged and hoary with the wrecks of time.”

The hill is of volcanic origin, and is a striking feature in the landscape. The hollows round its rocky summit were often used by the Covenanters for holding conventicles, in the stirring days of relentless religious persecution. After passing this spot there is little of special noteworthiness to be seen near the railway, though the scenery is pretty enough, till **St. Boswells** is reached. At this point one alights from the train.

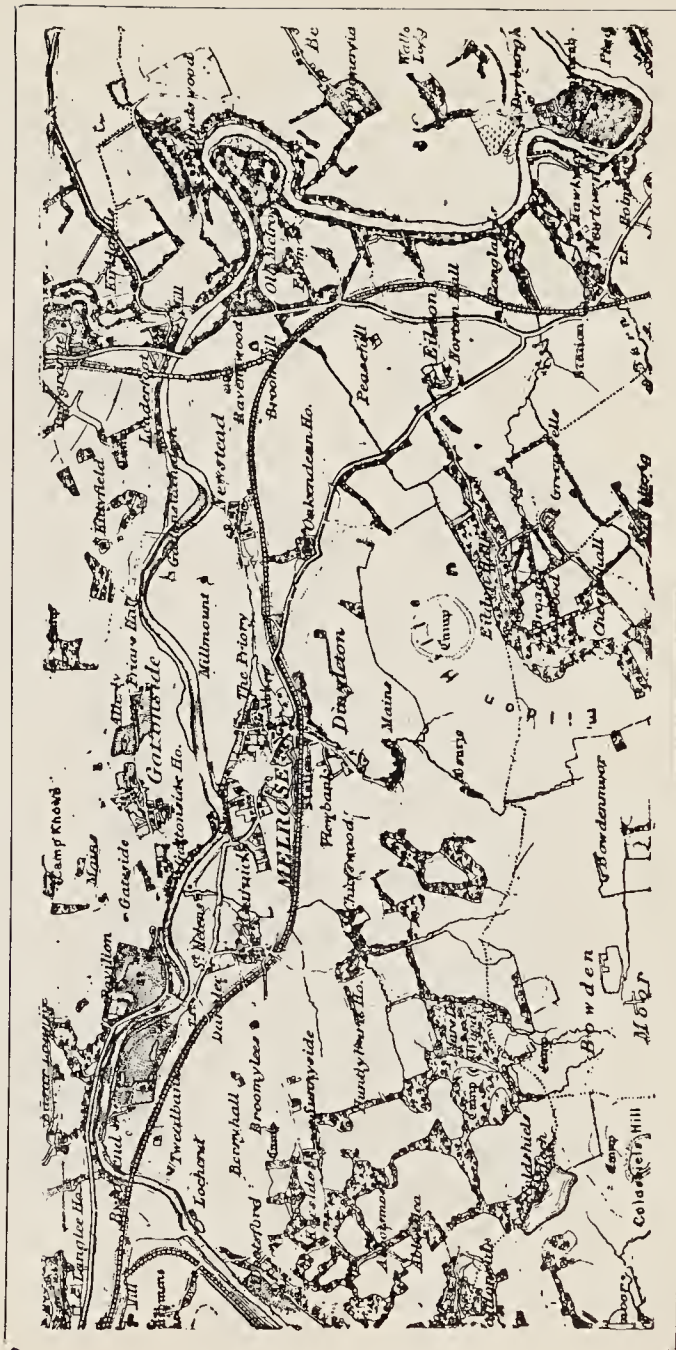
To the north of the station stand the triple peaks of the **Eildon Hills**, the Trimontium of the Romans. A Roman encampment has been discovered at the foot of the hills, near Old Melrose, where many coins and other relics have been discovered. Another and more extensive camp occupies the whole summit of the eastern hill, but this is believed to have been a stronghold of the native tribes and to belong to a period anterior to the Roman invasion. On a beautifully wooded slope of the Eildons, looking towards St. Boswells, stands **Eildon Hall**, one of the seats of the Duke of Buccleuch. Driving through the village of St. Boswells, we cross the **Tweed** by a suspension bridge. Overlooking the bridge at **Dryburgh** stands a small circular Grecian building, which was erected by the late Earl of Buchan, and was styled “The Temple of the Muses.” It is appropriately crowned by the bust of Thomson, who wrote the greater part of *The Seasons* there. A colossal statue of Wallace, standing on the hillside above Dryburgh, was also erected by the Earl of Buchan in 1514.

The ruins of **Dryburgh Abbey** are situated in a sheltered meadow, almost encircled by the windings of the Tweed, and surrounded by groves of forest and fruit trees. It was founded about the middle of the 12th century by Sir Hugo de Morville, Lord High Constable of Scotland in the reign





MAP OF PART OF CARLISLE



MAP OF "LAND OF SCOTT."





DRYBURGH ABBEY.





MELROSE ABBEY.



of David I., and it was indebted to that pious monarch for its confirmation and for many munificent benefactions. The Abbey was destroyed by Edward II. about 1322, but must have been restored shortly afterwards, as the architecture of the nave and other portions of the church show that they cannot have been older than the middle or latter half of the 14th century. It was burnt by Richard II. in 1385, but recovered much of its ancient grandeur during the next century and a half. It was plundered by Sir Ralph Evers in 1544, and its destruction was completed by Lord Hertford the following year. It was never restored after this, and the stones which formed its massive walls and clustered columns soon came to be regarded merely as a convenient accumulation of building material. Happily, a more enlightened feeling prevailed, and this wanton destruction was stopped in time to save a remnant of the still graceful and once noble pile.

The abbey and monastic buildings were of great extent. The refectory, which occupied the whole south front, was 100 feet long by 30 feet broad, the chapter house 47 feet long by 23 feet broad, and the nave about 200 feet in length. The gable of the south transept rose to a height of nearly 100 feet, and, towering above the rich foliage of the surrounding oaks, has now a very fine effect as seen from the village and the opposite bank of the Tweed. Though not so richly ornamented as those of Melrose, the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey show a singular dignity and grace of proportion in the stately pillars and fine arches, and in the delicate finish of the simple mouldings and enrichments. Dryburgh, too, has an interest far exceeding that which attaches to its venerable towers, for it is the last and most fitting resting-place of that great genius of romance, Sir Walter Scott. He lies under the beautiful arches of St. Mary's aisle. Lockhart, his son-in-law and loving biographer, is laid to rest at his feet.

Leaving Dryburgh and **Bemersyde Hill**, we see to the east the **Black Hill of Earlstoun**. Among the woods at its foot stands the ancient mansion of **Cowdenknowes**, familiar to students of border ballads. From Bemersyde Hill there is an extensive and beautiful prospect, perhaps the finest on the Scottish borders, and including one of the most picturesque and historically celebrated stretches of the Tweed. It was here that Sir Walter Scott was in the habit of reining up his horse to feast his eyes on the lovely and much-loved scene. From this point of vantage we look down on the beautiful

promontory where the monastery of **Old Melrose** was situated. It was established by some of the monks of Holy Island in the beginning of the 7th century, but had fallen into decay in 1073. Its situation is singularly beautiful, and it is matter of both regret and surprise that David I. should have chosen a much less desirable site for the monastery he founded some 60 years after Old Melrose was deserted.

Descending the hill **Smailholm Tower**, which Sir Walter Scott has made the scene of his fine ballad *The Eve of St. John*, is seen to the north. The farm Sandyknow, where many years of Sir Walter's childhood were passed, is close to Smailholm, and many an hour the boy spent, under the shadow of the old tower, revelling in the romantic fancies inspired by the situation and fostered by the tales of Sandy Ormiston the shepherd. Unfortunately limitations of space preclude the full quotation of the beautiful lines in *Marmion*, referring to his child life at Smailholm. At **Leaderfoot** we pass under a long and lofty red sandstone railway bridge. On the opposite side of the river is **Ravenswood**, the seat of Admiral Fairfax. A little further on is the **Eildon Stone**, beside which grew the Eildon tree, where Thomas the Rhymer saw the Queen of the Fairies.

“ True Thomas lay on Huntlie Bank,  
A ferlie he spied with his ee;  
And there he saw a ladye bright,  
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.”

**Allerly**, for many years the residence of Sir David Brewster, is next passed, then the village of **Gattonside** and Gattonside House. We cross the Tweed a little above Melrose, and come to Darnick Tower, a specimen of an old Border peel tower in perfect preservation. Near here was fought, on the 18th of July, the battle of Skirmish Hill. In 1811 Sir Walter Scott purchased a small farm-house and adjoining land, where he soon after begun to build the splendid mansion of **Abbotsford**; and, bit by bit, as funds came in from his literary labours, he purchased more and more land around it till the estate of Abbotsford extended to 1,200 acres. The scenery of Rymour's Glen on the estate forms the background of Sir Edwin Landseer's portrait of Sir Walter Scott. Scott was an enthusiastic antiquary, and Abbotsford is a museum of objects of interest, most of which were collected by Scott himself. This collection forms a fascinating link with that dim and distant past which the great Wizard of the North loved so well and described with such magic charm. He loved his romantic surroundings with all the





VIEW OF THE ESK VALLEY FROM MELROSE.





ABBOTSFORD.



fervour of the patriot and all the idealism of the poet. At Abbotsford may be seen the desk, and the chair he used while with unflagging energy—latterly alas! painfully, and with such feverish haste—his hand travelled over those glowing pages which were to give such delight to the whole English-speaking world.

In Sir Walter Scott's day, **Melrose** was little more than a village of thatched houses, with the little-regarded ruins of the beautiful abbey rising in its midst. The **Abbey of Melrose** was munificently founded by David I. in 1136. It was sacked and destroyed by Edward II. in 1322, and rebuilt in 1326 in the magnificent style of architecture of which the present fabric is such a splendid example. In 1385 the abbey was again burned by an invading force under Richard II., but once more underwent early restoration. In the 16th century we learn that the monks had departed from the strict simplicity of earlier times, and were much given to self indulgence.

“The Prior is ane man of great devotion,  
Tharfor daylie he gettis ane double portioun.”

As another rhyme has it—

“The monks of Melrose made gude kail  
On Fridays when they fasted,  
And never wanted beef and ale  
As lang as their neighbour's lasted.”

In 1544 Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Laiton visited Melrose with a hostile force which did much damage to the abbey and barbarously defaced the tombs of the Douglasses therein. In the following year an army under the Earl of Hertford laid waste the whole borders and burned and demolished Melrose, as well as all the other abbeys in the district. The Reformation followed soon after, and Melrose was never restored from the state of ruin to which it had been then reduced. Its splendid revenues were annexed to the crown, or dispersed in grants to court favourites. In 1618 the compartment of the nave from the screen wall to the cross was fitted up as the parish church, but instead of being restored to harmonise with the ancient building, a plain vaulted roof was thrown over between the pillars of the nave, the stones from another part of the building being used to effect this barbarous defacement. The monastic buildings, of which hardly a vestige remains, were enclosed within a high

wall about a mile in circuit. Unfortunately these, and indeed much of the fabric of the abbey itself, have all disappeared under the destroying hand of marauding borderers or, later on, of local vandals in search of cheap building material. It is to Sir Walter Scott that the world to-day owes a further debt of gratitude for having been the instrument of preserving the splendid ruins whose beauty he had first taught it to value and admire, and over which his genius had spread the halo of romance.

The ruins of Melrose abbey, though strikingly beautiful, are not sufficiently imposing to satisfy at the first glance the expectations excited by its great celebrity. Moreover, they are so hemmed in and overlooked by commonplace buildings that strangers have been heard to express a feeling of disappointment on approaching them. Within the sacred enclosure, however, this feeling gives way to wonder and admiration. It would be futile to attempt in this place a detailed description of the church and its graceful arches, its lovely flower-wreathed columns, and the quaint and curious figures on the carved niches and canopies. They show a fertility of device, a beauty of design, and a delicacy of finish, which cannot fail to charm all who take the trouble to examine minutely this exquisite "poem in stone." In the north transept, for instance, will be observed high up on the wall, a finely sculptured female hand holding a delicately carved branch of foliage from which the arch springs upward. In contrast to this, on the outside may be seen many grotesque figures sculptured on the buttresses and pinnacles. Under some of the pillars and statues are figures of men with tortured faces, straining necks and gaping mouths, groaning apparently under the heavy tasks of supporting their crushing burdens. The statues which adorned the niches both inside and outside the church were nearly all wilfully destroyed after the Reformation. In the chancel, near where the high altar stood, lies the heart of King Robert Bruce. Hither also was brought in mournful procession from the field of Otterburne the body of Earl Douglas. Under a slab of polished marble lies the body of King Alexander II., who was interred beside the high altar in 1249. Here too is supposed to rest the ashes of the wizard, Michael Scott.

The ruins of Melrose Abbey were as familiar to Sir Walter Scott as the features of his own face. Not a graceful or quaint device on the sculptured stones but he knew by heart, and he caused many of the curious carvings to be copied for the adornment of Abbotsford. He spent many hours of silent contemplation within the ancient walls, while his glowing imagination recalled those scenes of the



past which he wove into his fascinating tales of old romance. Hither he made his Sir William of Deloraine come at the bidding of the Lady of Branhholme, when—

“The moon on the east oriel shown  
Through slender shafts of shapely stone  
By foliated tracery combined ;  
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand,  
Twixt poplars straight the oziers wand  
In many a freakish knot had twined ;  
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,  
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.”

The scene of *The Monastery* was laid at Melrose, and the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* contains nothing finer than his exquisite description of the ruins by moonlight.

“If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild but to flout the ruins grey,  
When the broken arches are black in night  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white,  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the central tower ;  
When buttress, and buttress alternately  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die.  
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,  
Then go—but go alone the while—  
Then view St. David's ruined pile,  
And home returning soothly sware,  
Was never scene so sad and fair.”

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*The photograph of the late Sir Russell Reynolds was taken by Lombardi, of Pall Mall ; of Dr. Henry Barnes, by Scott & Son, of Carlisle ; and of the Esk Valley, by Poulton Bros. The views of Melrose and Dryburgh Abbeys and Abbotsford are reproductions of engravings in an edition of Burns and Scott, published by W. H. Collins & Sons, of Edinburgh.*

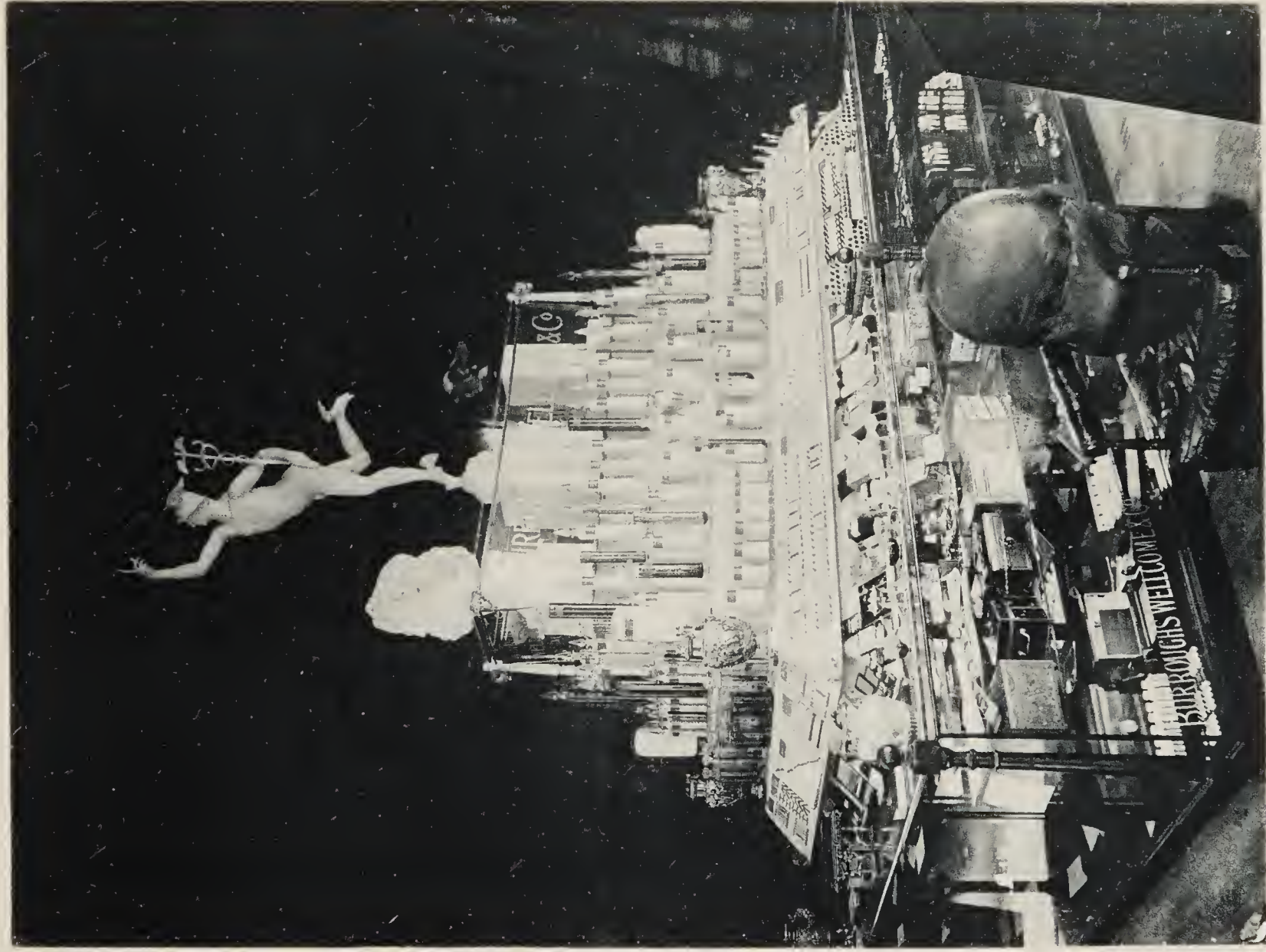
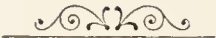


EXHIBIT OF FINE SCIENTIFIC PRODUCTS OF BURROUGHS,  
WELLCOME & CO., AT THE MUSEUM OF THE BRITISH  
MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 1895.



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